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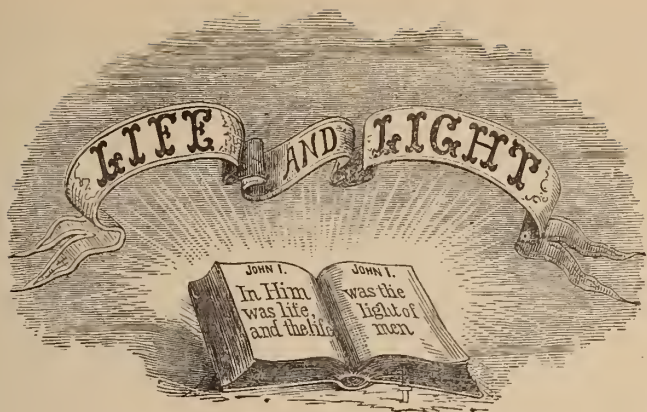
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FOR WOMAN.

VOL. VIII.

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No. 2.

CHINA.

TENT LIFE IN MONGOLIA.

BY MRS. WM. SPRAGUE.

WE are waiting for the "Nyor" to commence. This is a great religious festival. The living Buddha is expected, and people gather here, coming from great distances, not only to worship, but to pay tribute to Buddha, and also for amusement. Already many villages of tents have sprung up. All the people are in a state of expectancy and excitement. For several days past the Lamas have been very busy carrying to the temple pails and skin-bottles of sour and sweet milk, whiskey made of mare's milk, wooden plates of Chinese cakes, cheese, and various other articles. To-day we have been amused to see them go by with tiny bits of one thing and another in their hands from the Chinese trading-tents, — a small piece of mutton, a little bunch of half-grown onions, a bowl of bean curd, or some other choice delicacy. They say they have friends stopping with them. It is astonishing what a lively valley this is just now, so unlike the quiet one of two days ago. The grounds outside the temple walls are thickly studded with tents, — like Jonah's gourd, a city grown in a night.

August 16th. Day of days! We have seen with our own eyes a real, living Buddha! Think of a real god riding on a horse! We were at dinner. when a great tramping of horses coming from the

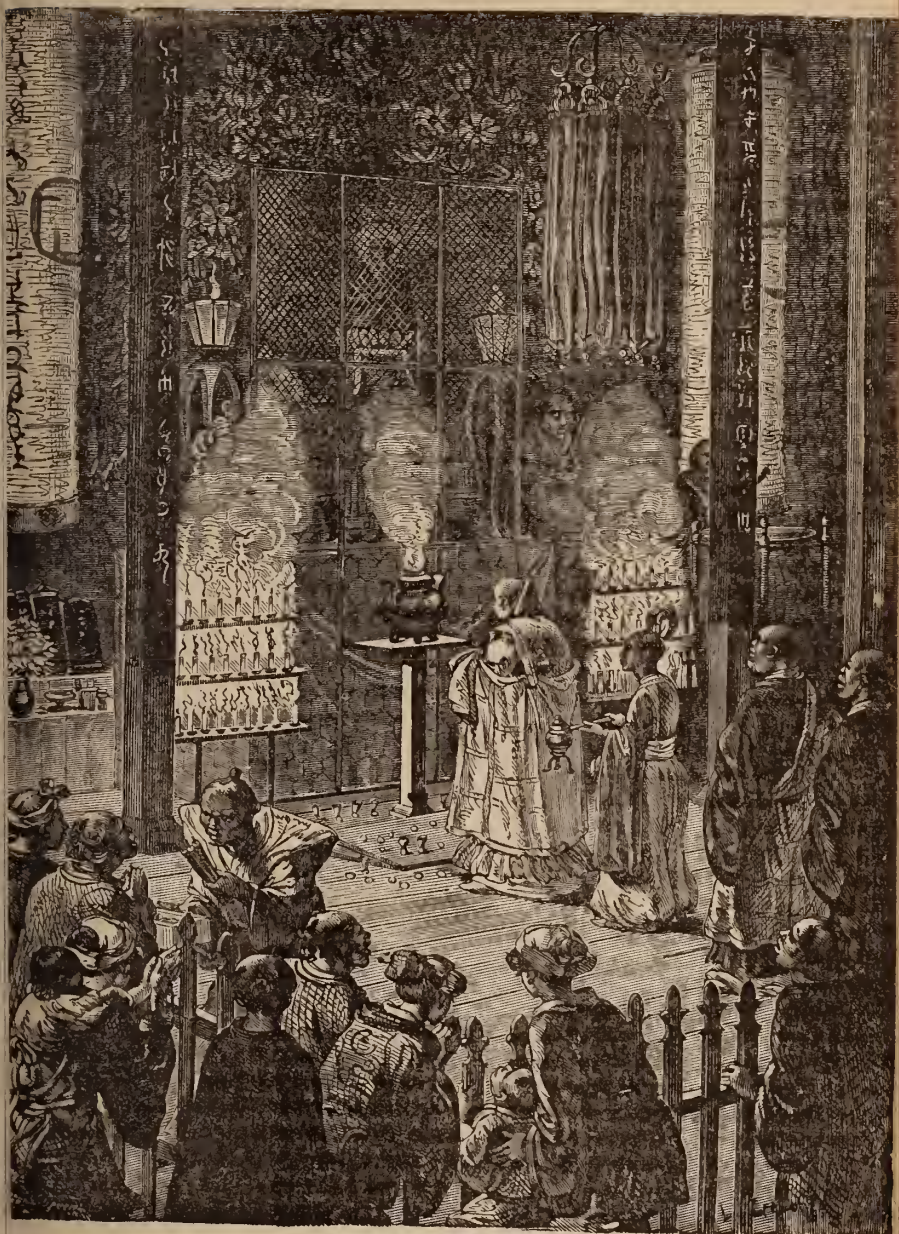
temple attracted us to the door. It was a cavalcade of from eighty to a hundred horsemen, led by the Governor. As they neared our tent they divided, taking the road on either side of us, and came together on the main road leading into the valley; there they dismounted, and stood as if waiting for some one. Our servant said they were to escort Buddha to the temple; and so it proved. Soon we saw a large number of carts and horsemen coming into the valley, and we saw the cavalcade of "Nooing Hoors" and the Governor, prostrate themselves before a man seated on a horse. Then they all remounted, and turned towards the temple.

As they passed very near our tent, we had a grand view of the advancing troop, and especially of Buddha. Indeed, he seemed as anxious to see us as we to see him. I could not perceive that he appeared any different from any elderly Mongol Lama. He looked like a pleasant, intelligent old gentleman of sixty years, having a full, smooth face, with the exception of a small grey moustache and goatce. He wore a yellow hat, with a broad black brim turned up, with silver rings encircling it. His dress was a deep orange, and his jacket bright yellow. Three or four Lamas walked by the side of his horse. I cannot say I feel that any material change has been worked in me since my eyes rested upon his sacred person. I feel no hallowing influences whatever. Strange, is it not?

After breakfast Mr. Sprague went out for a walk, and, turning his steps toward the temple, he heard the Lamas singing their prayers, and went in. A novel sight met his eyes. While the Lamas were in the act of praying, Lama boys were carrying large pails of cooked millet, passing between the rows of praying Lamas. One would suppose this would cause an interruption; but no! every Lama, on seeing the pail draw near him, would thrust his hand into his bosom, draw out his cup, and proceed to heap it full of the smoking millet, all the while continuing to repeat his prayers in concert with the others. Of course six or eight hundred Lamas could not all be eating at once, so the praying continued without any seeming interruption. When the priests were all supplied and the pails emptied, the boys drew to one side and began to clean out the pails with their tongues and fingers.

August 17th. What a day of experience and sight-seeing this has been! We breakfasted, and had the door open before six o'clock, and the people who had gathered about the tent crowded in like a flock of wild sheep. Among them was the Nooing Hoor ("very big man"), whom Mr. Sprague met yesterday morning. He brought a friend with him to have a tooth extracted, which had been troubling him for ten years.

About the same time a handsomely-dressed, middle-aged Lama



A BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

came in. He was troubled with rheumatism, and wanted the galvanic battery applied. In the mean time it began to rain. On taking his leave, he borrowed an umbrella, at the same time inviting Mr. Sprague to come to his house and drink tea with him. Mr. Sprague thought best to accept the invitation, and I was left hostess, doctor, and preacher.

I was hard at work turning the battery on two rheumatic men, when Mr. Sprague returned to tell the story of his adventures. The servant of the Lama with whom he went did not take him to see the Lama at all. Evidently the invitation had been given with no intention that it should be accepted. False politeness is only one of the fashionable characteristics a Mongol is expected to cultivate from childhood. We are slowly learning to discriminate the false from the true. Mr. Sprague and his guide walked in and out of several temple buildings, seeing many idols and many worshippers. Finally, they entered a building where a large number of people were going in and out, most of whom were Nooing Hoors. He noticed that all who entered passed into an inner room, but before they went through the door, they would take off their hats and bow, kneeling and knocking their heads on the ground, at the same time making many demonstrations to some one inside.

On looking to see to whom all this adoration was paid, he beheld a man eagerly engaged looking at him through a spy-glass. He thought he recognized him as the living Buddha. His guide confirmed his impression, by saying:

“Buddha is looking at us; come, let us go in and worship him.”

“No,” answered Mr. Sprague; “I do not worship Buddha.”

“Well, then,” said the guide, “let us go and see the other Buddha.”

“What! are there two living Buddhas?”

“Yes; this is young Buddha; he will take the place of old Buddha when he dies.”

Then they went to a new felt tent in the same court. Looking in, Mr. Sprague saw that it was handsomely furnished, and that there were many Nooing Hoors surrounding a yellow-dressed young Lama, seated in the highest seat. “That is young Buddha,” said the guide. As Mr. Sprague turned from the door, a voice from within called, “Come in! come in!” Looking back, he saw the young Buddha beckoning and calling him to come in. He entered, and was invited to a seat at Buddha’s left hand, and given a cup of tea. Buddha was eating his breakfast; but this pleasant pastime did not prevent him from entering into a questioning conversation with his strange guest. Said Mr. Sprague, “I told him who I was, where I came from, what I was here for, what I taught,

what books I had with me, and then I ventured to preach a little. In turn I inquired where his home was. He lived in Peking, with the elder Buddha. I told him I had brothers in Peking, who taught the same doctrine I did, and had books which told of the true God. Buddha said he had heard of such people, but he did not know their names. I gave him an urgent invitation to come to our house, and if he could not come while here, to come when he passed through Kalgan, on his way to Peking. He said he would surely call the first of the ninth month, that being the time when he would pass through Kalgan." I may here add that the ninth month has passed, but no living Buddha has as yet darkened our door. Being a Buddha does not, I imagine, rub out the Mongol.

One day last winter, Mr. Sprague was reading with his teacher the Mongol version of the Bible. "The Jews' passover was nigh at hand, and many went out of the country up to Jerusalem." Mr. Sprague stopped to explain the passover to the teacher, when he interrupted him by saying, "I know all about it; we have the same in our country. The 'Nyor' and the passover are the same; all the people come together for a week, and we worship and have games, wrestling, horse-racing, and plenty of wine to drink, and all have a good time." This is the idea the Mongols get of the Jewish passover from their translation of the Scriptures, because the translator has called it the "Nyor." This is just what we have found the Nyor to be—little worship, many games, and much eating and drinking. I think this festival more nearly resembles the Grecian games than the Jewish passover.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL IN FOOCHOW.

THE following letter from Miss Payson, will show something of the material of which her school is composed, and some of the difficulties of the Missionary work in China:

"My scholars are mostly quite young. The eldest is only sixteen years old, and she is to leave me in a few months, to be the wife of the native preacher. She has been a member of the school between ten and eleven years, and is an excellent scholar. She was received into the church two years and a half ago, and seems to be a sincere Christian. The Chinese are a very undemonstrative people, and it is often quite difficult to discover how much real religious feeling they possess. Quite a number of my scholars are careful to speak the truth, do not steal, and are usually on amicable terms with their companions, so I feel quite encouraged as to the status of the school.

“A propensity to lying is so incorporated in the Chinese nature, that I always tremble for our native Christians when an emergency arises in which they must implicate themselves or their friends by telling the exact truth. A missionary lady here who has a class of native women under her care, some of whom are church-members, told me a few days since that she had great difficulty in making them understand that the truth must be told regardless of consequences. One woman was quite sure that she ought not to speak the truth when by so doing she should make trouble among family relatives, and cause hard feelings. It is hardly to be wondered at that the woman should have scruples on that point, since here in China three or more generations, numbering forty or fifty individuals, often live under one roof-tree. Every son, at his marriage, brings his wife home, so that mothers-in-law often have five or six daughters-in-law to superintend, together with two or three dozen grandchildren. Considering their great care and responsibility, one is led to make some excuse for the unenviable reputation they have acquired. It is not uncommon to hear of daughters-in-law putting an end to their existence with opium, on account of the cruel treatment received from the feminine ‘head of the house.’

“My school-girls come from such families as these, and I would like to give you some idea of their looks and appearance. They all wear blue cotton garments, and in summer three articles suffice, — a pair of loose drawers, a tunic reaching to the knees, and an apron pocket, in which are generally stored a few copper cash and dried watermelon seeds, of which the Chinese, old and young, seem to be very fond. Occasionally the tunic is white, perhaps green or plum-colored, with red drawers; but this garb is reserved for Sundays. In winter, my pupils put on several additional tunics or short jackets, and a long thickly-wadded garment with wide sleeves, into the recesses of which they draw their hands when the weather is unusually frosty.

“The chief article of food consumed by my pupils is rice, each one eating, I suppose, between one and two pounds a day. They eat their rice from bowls, rather than plates, and use chop-sticks instead of knives and forks. There are always condiments for the rice placed upon the table, consisting of bowls of salt or fresh fish or pork, cut in small pieces and stewed with garlic and vegetable oil. They have usually pickled cabbage also, or onions, into which each girl thrusts her chop-sticks from time to time, and then proceeds with her rice. The food must all be brought to the table minced; otherwise the chop-sticks would be unavailable.

“When first the five ports, Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo and Shanghai, were opened to foreigners, an English firm sent out a

large assortment of knives and forks, thinking, I suppose, that contact with foreigners in the open ports would soon render the Chinese civilized enough to exchange their red chop-sticks for the European knife and fork. Unfortunately it had not reached the ears of this firm that the people of the Middle Kingdom believe that their ancestors, centuries ago, in a less civilized age than this, used knives and forks, but that the nation becoming more enlightened, invented the chop-stick way of eating. So the consignment of superior Sheffield cutlery proved a dead loss to the manufacturer, and was left to rust in the shops, while these conservative people continued to feed themselves with sticks, and will do so for centuries to come.

“We would not object to their conservatism in the common affairs of life; it is when it enters into their religion and mode of worship, that it is to be deplored. Because their fathers, and grandfathers, and great-grandfathers worshipped the ‘Three Pure Ones,’ and ‘The Five Rulers’ who expel pestilential influences and evil spirits, and the ‘Kitchen God,’ and all manner of other false gods, the sons and grandsons must continue to do so till the end of time. The antiquity of a custom here seems to give it a sacredness in the minds of the people, no matter how foolish and useless it may really be. The past season has been a time of great sickness here. Many thousands have perished from cholera. In consequence of this the people seem to have been more mad upon their idols than ever. Processions, bearing hideous idols in sedans, have been parading the streets day by day; and by day and by night there has been such a din of drums and gongs and fire-crackers in all the temples, that sleep was almost impossible to those living near them. This is called worship, and is supposed to expel all evil influences, physical or spiritual!

“God grant that a brighter day may soon dawn here. China needs the prayers of Christendom more, I think, than any other heathen nation. May your hearts be stirred to pray for these people as never before.”

AUSTRIA.

LETTER FROM MRS. SCHAUFFLER.

* * * EVERY day is full to the brim with exciting and interesting experiences. Joys and encouragements, hopes and fears; gratitude unbounded expressed by those we love to think have become true followers of our Master; and hatred, contempt and bitter persecution from every quarter where our “fanatic and

pietistic notions" are derided and decried. The past year has brought us rather more of the latter than the former experience; and yet, such is the unutterable joy of seeing a soul come out from the darkness and death around, and, throwing off its old habits of sin and error, begin to run with zeal the new race, that one such case rewards us for many sorrowful hours. Whenever in this darkness that can be felt which surrounds us there breaks forth a little light, be it ever so faint and glimmering, can you not see how it cheers our hearts? Because it seems to me so very, very great a thing here, I often hesitate to write of such cases, for fear I may overestimate the result, and lead others to expect more than I shall really see.

The most trying thing I find is the constantly-repeated experience of discovering that the loaves and fishes are the desired objects in view. Our little mothers' meetings, started here two years ago, were discontinued on account of some revelations which made us fear we were only encouraging hypocrisy. Now, after waiting until there are a few known and tried souls to start with, we hope soon to begin again.

Perhaps I can best give you an idea of how religion is considered, by the cases of two educated gentlemen, who are neither of them unbelievers in God and eternity, and all that we hold as fundamental truths. To one of them, a physician, it was suggested that his profession gave him the opportunity of often speaking a serious word to his patients, when they otherwise would hear nothing of the sort until the priest was summoned for the last moments.

"Oh no," he answered, "there is nothing a doctor can do in that line. The poorer classes are already very religious. They go to church on holy days, and at home they read—when they read at all—in their prayer-books; in fact they have no other literature; so you see they need nothing. As for educated people, they will hear nothing of the kind. A word from me on the subject would result in their saying, 'I called a doctor, not a priest.'"

The other gentleman, after having bought a Bible and amused himself with some of the stories in the Old Testament, which he thought highly comical, came to the conclusion that religion was not intended for educated people; in fact, the more men knew the less they needed such things. "But when they come to die?" I asked; and then he evidently did not feel clear enough to give a very lucid answer, and preferred to look at the matter from a different standpoint. But his views were all dismal enough—day without a sun, night without stars, life without a God, death without any sure hope. I asked him what his religion had done

for him, and told him what mine had done for me. He listened with much emotion, and repeated several times:

"I envy you such a hope. I covet your belief. We will speak of these matters again; but, after all, I expect we shall come together in the end, if we are all good."

"Are you good enough to go to heaven?" I asked.

"Why not?" he inquired, and then went on to say he didn't do this and that, and did do the other; why wasn't he good enough? This is a very common remark, and few like to hear the answer:

"Then if you are no sinner, Jesus Christ did not die for you. He came into the world to save sinners."

This is one phase. Another is entire indifference. "You do your way, I'll do mine." This is often found among Protestants, who consider themselves, as a general thing, prepared for the next world, and intend to spend their life-time enjoying this.

There is one young lady for whom I wish I might have your special interests and prayers. She is in a leading Catholic family, and so gay and worldly has she always been, that I regretted being obliged to spend my time with her when she first called. What a lesson it taught me when, at the first serious word, she expressed herself as utterly unsatisfied with the world, and envying us who had found something better. She made some progress, and promised to read her Bible daily, which she has done for many months. She said:

"I cannot accept the Saviour as you say I must, being born again, loving him with all my heart. It is utterly impossible for one in our land to live as we hear we ought every Sunday. You can, because you are foreigners; but, if I could not tell a needful lie, I should never get on at all. If I kept the Sabbath, I should be laughed at forever. Already, because I come to you, my friends say I am a Protestant, and, though I tell them you never ask people to be Protestants, they won't believe it. If I were to die, I should send for a priest of whom I knew nothing. I'd have no other near me,—all those I know are too wicked,—and then I should expect some way to get into heaven."

This is the way she comforts herself, all the time growing more miserable. The last time I saw her she said, "I can't give up the world. I must stay with my friends, in it, as they are." Please pray for this dear girl.

TURKEY.

THE CONSTANTINOPLE HOME.

WE make the following extracts from a recent report from the Constantinople Home:—

“We have had great cause for thankfulness in the increased life of the school. At the close of the year ending July, 1876, we had but thirty-two pupils. In July, 1877, we had fifty-eight. We have, also, great reason for rejoicing over the visible gain in scholarship and mental growth, and the general docility and good behaviour of our girls. During the early part of the winter there was a pleasant state of religious interest. Five of our pupils, among the oldest and best, felt that they had begun the new life in Christ, and some others were very thoughtful. Truly, God has blessed us in many ways.

“And now we have entered on the new year with fifty-six pupils—not quite so many as we had hoped to have, but more than most people thought we could have in these hard times. All who have helped to rear this house, will be glad with us in the measure of success that has been given. We, who have labored together here for the last two years, entered into a prepared place. We had much to be thankful for in every way, but we shall not feel satisfied till we see the house full, and the school-room too narrow for all the good girls who ought soon to be knocking for admission.”

Our Work at Home.

A TEN YEARS' REVIEW.

BY MRS. S. B. PRATT.

[Read at the Tenth Annual Meeting of the W. B. M.]

If you stand before a dial-plate on a summer's morning, you can catch, though you watch closely, no movement on its surface; but let an hour elapse, and you see plainly that the sunshine has chased the shadow. So, watching the daily routine of our work at home, or missionary labor abroad, one might well say, “You are making no progress. It is only a day's teaching of ignorant children, an hour's reading of the Bible to minds too dull to understand it; seed-sowing by the wayside, and the fowls have devoured it: one meeting at home just like the one before it.” But look back over the ten years of our society's life, and surely you will see how the shining of our Sun of Righteousness has driven back, in places, the darkness that covered the earth.

On the second of January, 1868, in the "Old South" Chapel, Freeman Place, during the week of prayer, the Woman's Board of Missions had its birth. Perhaps as the American Board dates its birth from the fragrant closet under the haystack at Williamstown, it would be more true to say that our society was born in the closets of devout women, asking, with burdened hearts, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" but it first took name and shape January 2d, 1868. At that meeting, the following churches from Boston and vicinity were represented: Shawmut, Berkeley Street, Park Street, Old South, Mt. Vernon, Central, Elliot, Jamaica Plain, Phillips (So. Boston), Maverick (East Boston), Chambers Street Chapel, and Broadway (Chelsea). Returned missionaries were present, who made statements of the great need and degradation of women on heathen ground. A letter was read from Dr. Clark, expressing deep interest in the new movement. Propositions were also received from the Prudential Committee, showing how the ladies might cooperate with the American Board. After free discussion, it was unanimously voted to organize a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. "The solemnity of this moment," says one, "will never be forgotten by any, for the felt presence of the Holy Spirit consecrated and sanctioned the act."

The society was organized under the name of "The New England Woman's Foreign Missionary Society," changed the same year to the "Woman's Board of Missions." It was a day of beginnings, a day of small things. Not one missionary in the field—not an auxiliary to rest upon. Only a few women, full of faith and zeal—only these, and—God.

On the third of February the first missionary was adopted, Mrs. Mary Edwards, already under appointment by the American Board for the Zulu mission. She was followed in March by the adoption of Miss Mary E. Andrews, for the North China mission, and Miss Olive L. Parmelee, for Eastern Turkey; in July, by Miss Payson, for Foochow, China; in September, by Miss Webster, for Ceylon, and Miss Clarke, for Western Turkey. In May, 1868, the first auxiliary was accepted,—that in Middlebury, Vermont. All hail to the Green Mountain State! Another event, too, of great gladness, marked the history of the first year—the formation, in October, of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Interior.

So the society came to its first annual meeting, held January 5, 1869, in this very place (Mt. Vernon Church). It was a stormy day, and the streets well-nigh impassable; but the more than six hundred ladies who had come, not only from suburban towns, but from other States, to be present, showed that the cause had taken deep root in the hearts of Christian women. It was a thanksgiving

meeting, and already, with grateful hearts, they were saying, "What hath God wrought?" An income of \$5033.13 was reported by the treasurer. Seven missionaries were in the field, and eleven Bible-readers adopted. One hundred and twenty-nine life members were enrolled on the books, and those who loved the cause thanked God and took courage. Miss Proctor, not yet adopted by the Board, was present, and gave vivid pictures of the work at Aintab. Mrs. Butler, missionary to India from the Methodist Church (now laboring in Mexico), urged all to greater faithfulness. Only half the day was occupied by the ladies, but after a bountiful collation in the vestries, the afternoon meeting was conducted by gentlemen.

There were glad faces at that meeting which are missing to-day, and, though we know they are wearing gladder, brighter ones now, they are hidden from our earth-bound eyes. Mrs. Bartlett sat over against the treasury, and held it for the Lord. Mrs. Page had come over two hundred miles to be present. Mrs. Gould's pleasant voice was heard as she read the missionary letters. Mrs. Samuel Hubbard, Mrs. Linus Child, Mrs. Charles Scudder, Mrs. Giles Pease, Mrs. Dr. Coit, Mrs. Daniel Safford, who gave the invitation to the collation, and Dr. Kirk, who presided at the afternoon session, — these, and many others whose names are fragrant, are not here to-day.

"One by one, with hands full laden,
They entered the golden gate of the west,—
Laid their sheaves at the feet of the Master,
Took their places among the blest.

The year 1869 was marked by several memorable events. In March, "LIFE AND LIGHT" was started as a quarterly. Heretofore the "MISSIONARY HERALD" had served as a medium of communication with the churches; but finding the need of more room than could be claimed there, our present magazine was started, under the name of "LIFE AND LIGHT FOR HEATHEN WOMEN." The society also felt the need of a home of its own, its executive meetings having been held thus far in Mrs. Safford's hospitable parlors. A room being given them in the Missionary House, Pemberton Square, they set up housekeeping for themselves. A new enterprise, which looked large then, was the appropriation of \$3,000 towards a Home in Constantinople. How much larger it was to look before the top-stone was brought forth with rejoicing, was wisely hidden from their eyes. The society, too, was placed on a permanent footing, by act of incorporation, in 1869. Increasing funds kept pace with increasing work. At the second annual meeting an income of \$15,462 was reported. Eighteen missionaries and eighteen Bible-readers were employed, and the support of

five schools assumed. Death, however, had been busy among the officers of the Board, and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard and Mrs. Giles Pease had heard the Master's call to come up higher.

In May, 1870, the Board welcomed its first Branch,—that at Philadelphia,—and at the close of the year could count its one hundred and forty-eight auxiliaries, its fifty-two mission circles, nearly a thousand life members, twenty-five missionaries, thirty Bible-women, eight schools, and an income of \$21,000, besides a legacy for a permanent fund of \$15,000. Gladdest of all, God's Spirit had visited their schools, and precious souls been saved. But into the midst of the joy came a deep sorrow, for two of the dear missionaries in Turkey, Miss Warfield and Miss Norcross, of high promise and full of enthusiasm in their work, had been called to lay down the earthly service and take one nearer the throne.

Time would fail me, and you would weary, should I take the years one by one with ever so brief a record. When the Woman's Board was formed, three aims were set before it:

1. By extra funds, efforts and prayers, to coöperate with the American Board in its several departments of labor for the benefit of the degraded of our sex in heathen lands.

2. To disseminate missionary intelligence and increase a missionary spirit among Christian women at home. And,

3. To train children to interest and participation in the work.

To see what progress has been made in these directions, we will take them up briefly, and let the records speak for themselves.

In the foreign field we do not profess that we were commencing a new work. Others had labored, and we entered into their labors—but to the praise of Him who has helped us, and not to our own glory. Let us look at our foreign fields at the time of our first annual meeting, and note the changes from then till now.

The support of Mrs. Edwards, in her school at Inanda, South Africa, was the first work assumed by the Woman's Board. She arrived at her field of labor November 18, 1868, and if, in our ten years' work, we had seen no other fruits than have been gathered in that vine-covered brick seminary, we might well be content; but other lamps have been lighted in South Africa. Miss Hance has been going in and out among the kraals, holding meetings, visiting the sick, praying with the dying, sustaining schools, teaching the mothers, and proclaiming the glad tidings to all. Mrs. Tyler, at Umzumbi, is giving us the benefit of her ripened experience, while Miss Price and Miss Morris have but just gone to join the workers there.

Two of our first missionaries went to China—Miss Andrews to Tung Cho, and Miss Payson to Foochow. These have been rein-

forced by the adoption of Mrs. Hartwell in Foochow, and later by Mrs. Pierson in the North China Mission. Of the ten years' labor in China, much has been foundation-work, patiently laid and faithfully; but when the glorious spiritual temple which shall yet be reared in that land shall be completed, these foundation-builders shall in no wise lose their reward.

Two more of our first missionaries were sent to Turkey. To-day instead of three, we support there twenty-eight missionaries, twelve boarding and twenty-nine village schools, and twenty-two Bible-readers and native teachers. True, they are now under the war-cloud, and some of them have had to fly for their lives, saving nothing else. True, their tours for gospel work are prevented, their schools interrupted, and their hearts saddened with the sufferings they cannot cure; but in the fires One walketh with them like unto the Son of God, and no wrath of man can erase the bright record of work done in Turkey during the last ten years. From the quaint city of Bitlis, high up among the mountain slopes, we have heard the Misses Ely rejoicing with their scholars in a newly-found Saviour. From the grey old minaret-crowned city of Aintab, we have seen redeemed ones going even through "the pestilence that walketh at noon-day," to enter into the joy of their Lord.

In that consecrated schoolroom at Harpoot, how many jewels have been gathered for the Redeemer's crown! At Broosa, with its life-giving fountains, we have heard of thirsty souls drinking of the water of Life. From Marash, under the shadow of the Taurus, weary ones have found rest under the shadow of the Rock that is higher than they. In Mardin we have seen the veiled faces listening to the old, old story, and catching a glimpse of the King in his beauty. And Marsovan, Eski Zagra, Manisa, Talas, Bardesag—of how many souls have these been the birthplace! Nor could any sketch of Turkey, however meagre, leave out our Constantinople Home, finished in 1875 at an expense (including land) of \$58,000, and first occupied on the sixth of January, 1876. Beautiful for situation, complete in all its appointments, the fruit of so much toil, the burden of so many prayers—God guard and keep it! Already has His approving seal been set upon it, in the favor it has received from the people and in the conversion of souls.

In Ceylon we have now four missionaries, ten Bible-women, two female seminaries, and a number of village schools, all working together for the hastening of that day when the name of the Lord shall be glorified in the isles of the sea.

The work in India in the Mahratta and Madura missions has been large, and productive of results that eternity alone can re-

veal. There are home scenes in that land to-day which would never have been but for the labors of our twelve missionaries; for, as has been truly said, there are no homes in India save those which Christ's religion has made. The fields have been passing under the shadow of a fearful famine, yet bringing, with all its horrors, a blessed privilege to our missionaries,—“I was hungry, and ye gave me meat.” Starving bodies and starving souls have both been fed; many of them with that Bread, of which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger.

Our first missionary to Japan, Miss Talcott, sailed in April, 1873, and so wonderfully has the work opened in that land, and so greatly have the workers been blessed, that we have now nine missionaries there,—one in Kobe, six in Osaka, the three single ladies occupying the Home recently finished, and two in Kioto, where the Home building, the gift of the children through Centennial offerings, is soon to be built. And still the broad, white harvest-fields call loudly for yet more laborers.

In Austria Mrs. Schaufler is carrying a light for us in the darkness, as is Miss Strong, in Mexico; while in our own borders, in our Dakota home, two of our missionaries are trying to bring these daughters of the forest to be the daughters of the Lord Almighty.

Sixty-seven missionaries are now connected with the Board, and nearly an equal number of Bible-readers. Twenty-nine boarding schools are supported, besides a large number of village schools.

The second aim set before the society at its formation, was to disseminate missionary intelligence and increase missionary zeal among Christian women at home. In this department progress has been more marked even than on foreign ground. Ten years ago there was a great dearth of missionary literature. The *MISSIONARY HERALD*, deeply rooted as it was in the hearts of many, had, by the majority of women, come to be considered the special property of the fathers and brethren. Since then the society has published about forty millions of pages in periodicals and leaflets; and, while we acknowledge that these do not reach the high standard of excellence we hope some day to attain, they have surely been blessed in stirring up many pure minds by way of remembrance, in warming the love of many which was waxing cold; and the dullest page among them cannot be wholly without interest to one who loves Christ's kingdom. Besides the periodicals, tens of thousands of circulars and reports, and thousands of letters have been written, and this not by women of leisure, but by busy women with home cares and duties pressing upon them.

In the work of organization what rapid progress has been made! At the first annual meeting but two auxiliaries had been formally

organized and accepted. To-day sixteen Branches, eight Conference Associations, and about thirteen hundred auxiliaries and mission circles stand, not like Aaron and Hur, to uphold the hands of the parent society; they are themselves the uplifted hands, praying down the blessing—the helping, tender hands, outstretched with the bread of life. Hundreds of public meetings have been held; some of them, especially those held in connection with our own annual meetings, and those of the American Board, filling large churches to their utmost capacity.

The treasury which supplies the life-blood for this work has thus far kept pace with it. The dimes and dollars, consecrated ones, and wrapped up in prayers, have not been wanting, so that we could answer, with the disciples, “We have lacked nothing.”

Since the beginning, exclusive of more than \$40,000 received for “Life and Light,” the funds have amounted to about \$454,000, and the home expenses for the ten years have been less than \$9,000, or less than two per cent on the receipts.

The third aim of the society was the training of the children to an interest in the work. To know if they have succeeded in this, stand in one of our largest churches where a children’s missionary meeting is held. See them pouring in with their bright banners and brighter faces, or take a peep into thousands of missionary boxes, where treasured bits of money are being saved for their mission circles; or, better still, listen to the whispered prayers from childish lips, that God would bless the poor heathen children. Oh the busy little fingers that have toiled for the work—the busy little brains that have planned for it—the little hearts that have loved it! Oh the festivals and fairs these children have held—the nutting-bees and sewing-circles—the missionary hens who have laid for them—the missionary gardens that have bloomed for them! Joy to the church of the future, when these boys and girls of to-day shall be men and women, leading on Christ’s army into the strongholds of error and darkness! Some years the contributions from the mission circles alone have amounted to \$10,000.

For the past ten years the record is closed. We have not come together to count our gathered sheaves; that belongs to another day than this, and to One who will make no mistakes in his reckoning. The next decade is before us; what will we do with it?

Before us? *Not for us all.* There will be more vacant places when this society shall celebrate its twentieth anniversary. But let us work with each year as faithfully as if it were our last, and it will matter little whether from these earthly seats or from the courts above we shall join in the grand hallelujah, “The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever.”

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. H. G. GUINNESS.

A WEALTHY farmer, who cultivated some thousands of acres, had, by his benevolence, endeared himself greatly to his large staff of laborers. He had occasion to leave the country in which his property was situated, for some years; but, before doing so, he gave his people clearly to understand that he wished the whole of the cultivated land to be kept in hand, and all the unclaimed marsh lands to be enclosed and drained, and brought into cultivation—that even the hills were to be terraced, and the poor mountain pastures manured—so that no single corner of the estate should remain neglected and barren. Ample resources were left for the execution of these works, and there were sufficient hands to have accomplished the whole within the first few years of the proprietor's absence.

He was detained in the country to which he had been called very many years. Those whom he left children were men and women when he came back, and so the number of his tenantry and laborers was vastly multiplied. Was the task he had given them to do accomplished? Alas! no! Bog and moor and mountain-waste were only wilder and more desolate than ever. Fine rich virgin soil, by thousands of acres, was bearing only briars and thistles. Meadow after meadow was utterly barren for want of culture; nay, by far the larger part of the farm seemed never to have been visited by his servants.

Had they been idle? Some had, but large numbers had been industrious enough. They had expended a vast amount of labor, and skilled labor, too; but they had bestowed it all on the park immediately around the house. This had been cultivated to such a pitch of perfection that the workmen had scores of times quarrelled with each other, because the operations of one interfered with his neighbor. And a vast amount of labor, too, had been lost in sowing the same patch—for instance, with corn fifty times over in one season, so that the seed never had time to germinate and grow and bear fruit; in caring for the forest trees as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring soils already too fat, and watering pastures already too wet. The farmer was positively astonished at the misplaced ingenuity with which labor and seed and manure, skill and time and strength, had been wasted for no result. The very same amount of toil and capital expended according to his directions, would have brought the whole demesne into culture, and yielded a noble revenue. But season after season had rolled away in sad succession, leaving those unbounded areas of various but all

reclaimable soil, barren and useless; and, as to the park, it would have been far more productive and perfect had it been relieved of the extraordinary and unaccountable amount of energy expended on it.

Why did these laborers act so absurdly? Did they wish to labor in vain? On the contrary, they were forever craving for fruit, coveting good crops, longing for great results. Did they not wish to carry out the farmer's views about his property? Well, they seemed to have that desire, for they were always reading the directions he wrote, and said continually to each other, "You know we have to bring the whole property into order;" but they did not do it. Some few tried, and ploughed up a little plot here and there, and sowed corn and other crops. Perhaps these failed, and so the rest got discouraged. Oh, no! the yield was magnificent; far richer in proportion than they got themselves. They clearly perceived that, but yet they failed to follow a good example. Nay, when the labors of a few, in some distant valley, had resulted in a crop they were all unable to gather in by themselves, the others would not even go and help them to bring home the sheaves. They preferred watching for weeds among the roses in the over-crowded garden, and counting the blades of grass in the park and the leaves on the trees.

Then they were fools, surely, not wise men? — traitors, not true servants to their lord?

Oh! I can't tell! You must ask him that. I only know that the master said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." And eighteen hundred and seventy-seven years after they had not even mentioned that there was a Gospel, to one-half of the world!—*China's Millions.*

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

RECEIPTS FROM NOV. 18 TO DEC. 18, 1877.

MRS. BENJAMIN E. BATES, TREASURER.

MAINE.

Maine Branch.—Mrs. Woodbury S. Dana, Treas., Skowhegan, Aux., \$8; Falmouth, 1st Ch., Aux., \$21; Bath, Mrs. H. E. Palmer, \$100; Waterville, Aux., \$37; Boothbay, Aux., \$10; Machias, Aux., prev. cont. const. L.M. Mrs. Maria B. Hill, \$15; Bethel, 1st Church, prev. cont. const. L.M. Mrs. Silas Grover, \$9, \$200 00

Bingham.—Mrs. M. B. Burke, 1 40

Total, \$201 40

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. Geo. H. Fox, Treas., Hartford, Aux., \$29.90; Lunenburg, Aux., \$4.20; Castleton, Aux., \$9.51; Williamstown, Aux., \$10; Greensboro, Aux., \$6; Cong. Ch., \$3; Derby, Aux., 5; "Cheerful Givers," \$5; Middlebury, "Green Mt. Hills," \$35; Dorset, Aux., prev. cont. const. L. M. Mrs. S. E. Rideout, Miss Maria Kent, \$38; Rutland, Aux., 25.71; expenses, \$10; bal., \$161 32

Cambridge.—Mrs. M. C. Turner,	5 00
North Craftsbury.—Mrs. D. W. Loomis, const. L.M. Mrs. Mary M. Dutton,	25 00
Norwich.—A Friend,	1 40
Wells River.—Aux.,	8 44
Total,	\$201 16

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover.—Aux., of wh. \$125.00 pupil C. Home,	\$154 35
Auburndale.—Aux., const. L.M. Mrs. S. E. Aldrich,	25 00
Berkshire Co. Branch.—Mrs. S. N. Russell, Treas., Pittsfield, 1st Ch., \$14.95; So. Ch., \$28.45; Hinsdale, Aux., \$18.90; Monterey, Aux., \$20; Williamstown, Aux., \$58.60; Stockbridge, Aux., \$11.28,	152 18
Boston.—Mrs. H. Baldwin, \$5; Miss Martha P. Emery, \$1.10; Mrs. J. N. Fiske, \$10; Miss C. Williamson, \$1.40; Berkeley St. Ch., \$19.25; S. B. Pratt, \$20; "Lamplighters," \$11.00,	67 75
Bradford.—Aux.,	12 00
Cambridgeport.—Prospect St. Ch., Aux., of wh. \$25 const. L.M. Mrs. J. S. Hoyt,	300 00
Chatham.—Aux.,	10 00
Dedham.—"Chapel Rays,"	20 00
Dorchester.—Village Ch., Aux.,	30 00
Dunstable.—Aux.,	16 30
East Braintree.—Mrs. H. J. Holbrook,	3 00
Everett.—Mrs. G. N. Farrington,	1 00
Franklin Co. Branch.—Miss L. A. Sparhawk, Treas., Shelburne, Aux., const. L.M. Mrs. G. L. Clark, \$25; Conway, Aux., const. L.M. Mrs. Harriet Perry, \$26; Deerfield, Aux., \$12.60; Sunderland, Aux., \$5; Buckland, Aux., \$4; Greenfield, Aux., \$9.90,	82 50
Gloucester.—Aux.,	60 00
Gt. Barrington.—Aux.,	30 50
Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Isabella G. Clarke, Treas., "From Northampton," \$50; Southampton, "Bearers of Light," of wh. \$25 const. L.M. Miss Hattie E. Searle, \$47; Hadley, Aux., \$11.05,	108 05
Hebronville.—L. I. Bourne,	4 40
Holbrook.—Mrs. E. N. Holbrook, const. L.M. Mrs. Betsy Jane Holbrook,	25 00
Hyle Park.—A Friend,	2 00
Lakeville.—Mrs. Jas. W. Ward, prev. cont. const. L.M. Miss Susan A. Ward, Newark, N.J.,	15 00
Lawrence.—Central Ch., Aux.,	21 00
Lincoln.—Aux., Christmas Gift,	5 00
Lowell.—Aux.,	28 00

Marblehead.—Aux., Aintab,	40 00
Newburyport.—Aux., \$120.00; "Willing Workers," \$5,	125 00
Norfolk Co. Branch.—Abington, Aux., \$13; Quincy, Aux., pupil Dakota Home, \$50,	63 00
North Falmouth.—Aux., 1 pupil Ahmednuggar,	20 00
So. Framingham.—"Willing Workers," of wh. \$25 const. L.M. Mrs. Celia N. Munyon,	40 00
Southboro.—Aux.,	17 75
South Wellfleet.—Aux.,	\$10 00
Springfield Branch.—Miss H. T. Buckingham, Treas., Springfield, So. Ch., \$64.50; "Wide Awakes," \$18.55; 1st Ch., of wh. \$25, by Mrs. D. P. Smith, const. L.M. Mrs. A. H. Avery, \$25, by Miss Mary Brewer, const. L.M. Mrs. E. C. Rogers, \$94.42; Circle No. 1, \$4.67; "Cheerful Givers," \$8.00; North Ch., \$22; Olivet Ch., \$5; Memorial Ch., \$67.32; Mrs. Hooker's S.S. Cl., \$40; "Memorial Band and others," \$20; So. Ch. Young Ladies' Mission Circle, of wh. \$60 by A Friend, \$130.58; Sandford St. Church, \$2.50; Monson, Aux., \$65; Mrs. Seymore's Cl., \$25; Westfield, 1st Ch., \$202; 2d Ch., of wh. \$25, by Mrs. C. N. Yoamans, const. L.M. Mrs. L. Jane Bruce, \$174.42; "Cheerful Givers," \$20.58; Mrs. Sanderson's S.S. Cl., \$5; Holyoke, Aux., \$253; "Merry Workers," \$34; Chicopee, 1st Ch., \$16.85; 3d Ch., \$8.50; Parents of the late Miss Ellen P. Kendall, \$25; "Buds of Promise," \$.79; "Busy Bees," \$15; Palmer, Aux., \$21.50; Ludlow, Aux., \$12; East Longmeadow, Aux., \$12.50; Young Disciples, \$4.05; Agawam, Aux., \$48; Thorndike, Aux., \$10; Blandford, Aux., \$19; "Cheerful Givers," \$5; Indian Orchard, Aux., \$20.65; "Pleasure Seekers," \$1.09; Mitteneague, "Gleaners," \$20; Wilbraham, Aux., \$4; So. Framingham, Aux., \$22; "Humming Birds," \$10; Brimfield, Aux., \$5.00; Feeding Hills, Aux., \$4,	1,541 47
Truro.—Aux.,	10 00
Watertown.—Aux.,	20 00
Wellfleet.—1st Ch., Aux.,	3 70
West Newton.—Mrs. J. L. Clarke, a New Year's Gift, const. L.M.s Misses Maria S. and Helen F. Clarke,	50 00
Woburn Conf. Branch.—Winchester, Aux.,	70 00
Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. G. W. Russell, Treas., Leicester, Aux., \$77; Barre, Aux.,	

\$25; Clinton, Aux., \$27.65;	
Shrewsbury, Aux., of wh. \$25	
const. L.M. Miss Isaac Pier-	
son, No. China, \$35; "Light	
on the Hill," \$32; Spencer,	
"Hillside Workers," \$50.00;	
No. Brookfield, Aux., 27.77;	
Mrs. M. T. Reed's S.S. Ch.,	
\$30; Phillipston, Aux., \$24.63;	
Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch.,	
Aux., \$21.78; Worcester,	
Woman's Miss'y Asso., \$80.12;	
Winchendon, Aux., of wh.	
\$25, Mrs. O. Mason, const.	
L.M. Mrs. Horace Sanderson,	
\$25 by Mrs. D. Foster, const.	
L.M. Hattie Darling Foster,	
\$159; Paxton, Aux., \$15.50;	
Whitinsville, Aux., of wh.	
\$25, by Mrs. Charles P. Whiton,	
const. L.M. Mrs. Chas. Ander-	
son, No. Woburn; \$25, Mrs.	
Paul Whiton, const. L.M. Mrs.	
F. H. Orvis, Manchester, Vt.,	
\$57; "Little Sunbeams," \$15;	
Grafton, Aux., of wh. \$25.00	
const. L.M. Miss Lucy Dodge,	
Dacota, \$34.75; Barre, Aux.,	
\$25; Memorial for Little Amy,	
\$2,	739 20
Total,	\$3,923 15

RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Miss	
Anna T. White, Treas., Paw-	
tucket, Aux.,	75 00
Total,	\$75 00

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Mrs.	
J. C. Learned, Treas., Han-	
over, Aux., \$6; Mystic Bridge,	
Aux., \$2.40,	8 40
<i>Greenwich.</i> —Aux.,	55 00
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. Chas.	
A. Jewell, Treas., Hartford,	
Centre Ch., Aux.,	368 20
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss	
Julia Twining, Treas., Derby,	
"Forget-me-nots," \$1; East	
Haven, \$14.15; Litchfield, \$26;	
Middletown, for school near	
Aintab, from Mrs. James H.	
Bunce, to const. L.M. Miss	
Sarah Sill, \$25; New Haven,	
Centre Ch., \$15.00 each from	
Mrs. Leonard Bradley and	
Mrs. W. I. Townsend, and \$12	
from Mrs. E. C. Scranton, for	
Harpoot B.R.s, \$248; College	
St. Ch., \$25 from Miss Jane A.	
Maltby to const. L.M. Miss	
Stella A. Smith, \$39; North	
Ch., \$2; Yale College Ch., for	
Con. Home Sch., \$125; North-	
ford, \$24.50; Salisbury, to	
const. L.M. Mrs. B. S. C.	
Thompson, \$25; Torrington,	

\$8; Wallingford, \$32.90; Wood-	
bury, \$5,	575 55
Total,	\$1,007 15

NEW YORK.

<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs.	
T. H. Knollin, Treas., Flush-	
ing, "Faith Mission Circle,"	
\$30; Franklin, Aux., const.	
L.M.s Mrs. Amos Douglas and	
Mrs. Frank Bartlett, \$50,	\$80 00
<i>Albany.</i> —"Sara,"	5 00
<i>New York City.</i> —A Friend,	
pupil Harpoot,	40 00
Total,	\$125 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Mrs.	
A. W. Goodell, Treas., New-	
ark, Belleville Ave. Ch., of	
wh. \$25 const. L.M. Mrs. Dr.	
Ray Palmer, \$50; "Mission	
Band," of wh. \$25 const. L.M.	
Miss S. A. Holmes, \$35.28; 1st	
Ch., \$40.75; Baltimore, Aux.,	
\$68.26; "Bees," \$50; Orange,	
Aux., \$16; E. Orange, Aux.,	
\$20; Patterson, Aux., \$6;	
Jersey City, "Earnest Work-	
ers," \$8; Philadelphia "Snow	
Flakes," \$5; Herndon, Va.,	
Aux., \$5; Coll. at Annual	
Meeting, \$10.07; Expenses at	
Annual Meeting, \$7.25; bal.,	307 11
<i>Oxford.</i> —Mrs. Edward Webb,	2 00
Total,	\$309 11

OHIO.

<i>Findley.</i> —Aux., Kioto,	\$13 21
Total,	\$13 21

MICHIGAN.

<i>Solon.</i> —Aux.,	\$5 35
Total,	\$5 35

IOWA.

<i>Iowa Falls.</i> —Mrs. Mary P.	
Words,	\$1 50
Total,	\$1 50

KANSAS.

<i>Lawrence.</i> —A Few Ladies,	\$5 00
Total,	\$5 00

CANADA.

Canadian Woman's Board,	\$404 25
Total,	\$404 25

General Funds,	\$6,271 28
Life and Light,	835 30
Weekly Pledge,	10 15
Leaflets,	1 30
Total,	\$7,118 03

MISS EMMA CARRUTH, Ass't Treas.

Department of the Interior.

EASTERN TURKEY.

LETTERS FROM MISS NICHOLSON.

[The general interest felt at present in Erzroom, leads us to make extracts from several recent letters from Miss Nicholson.]

ERZROOM, *October 3, 1877.*

SINCE my arrival in Turkey everything seems to have been upside down, even to the Turks themselves, so that I am afraid my ideas of the country as well as of its inhabitants are in much the same condition. We Americans of Erzroom have been so frequently on the move, I hardly know where is my abiding-place; yet, wherever we are, I find an abundance of work to be done, and very few to do it. I am very much rejoiced that my tongue has at last found a way over some of the difficulties of the language, although it is yet far from obedient. It is now a great pleasure to sit down among these poor, ignorant women and talk, knowing that they understand what I say, while they exclaim, "I am so glad you have learned enough Armenian." O! if they could but know how many things I want to say, but cannot, they would not thus exclaim.

As to the progress of the war, we know little. Yesterday two hundred and fifty carts bearing the wounded, came from near Kars, so we know that fighting is still going on.

October 11.

Monday afternoon I went down one of these dirty, filthy streets, seeking the homes of those who would admit me. When any were not quite willing to receive me, I either stood and talked with them for a few moments, or seated myself on a stone near the door. While I interested myself in their children or their work, whatever it happened to be, the time passed pleasantly, and they, forgetting that I was a Protestant, in many cases asked me to come into the house and sit down. When it was time for me to return, I ventured to invite them to my room, and, to my surprise as well as joy, on the following day they made their appearance. They were curious to see everything, and as my presence somewhat restrained them, one woman said, "Won't you go out of the room, while I see the

things?" I did not leave, but showed her the things which seemed most to please her. For three or four weeks, at this season, the women are very busy preparing food for winter, so we are often obliged to postpone visits to them till they are more at leisure.

As the political disturbance of the country still forbids the opening of the girls' school, my principal work at present is visiting from house to house, and teaching those to read who are willing to learn. Each day I have two classes in the boys' school, and it is a great pleasure to teach them, since they are bright, intelligent, and well behaved. Next week I also hope to have a class of girls, whom I have picked up here and there, at the different houses.

There is a great work to be done in raising up native teachers. One upon whom we have hitherto depended has recently been married, and we have no other to whom we can look for assistance. But God can raise up helpers, and for this we trust and pray while we work.

Yesterday was the day for the woman's weekly prayer-meeting. Owing to the number of soldiers in the place, and the wickedness of every description prevailing in the streets, only seventeen were present, but, as Christ said, "Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them;" He was with us, and we had a most interesting meeting. We hope and pray that we may be permitted to go on in the good work, and that the number of those who love the Lord Jesus may be increased, though battles are raging so short a distance from us, and wickedness too terrible to mention is of daily occurrence in the city, as well as in the neighboring villages.

October 25.

Please put by your work just for this Thursday P. M., and take a stroll this side of the great Atlantic. It is just the day to take a peep at this dark and dreary-looking city. Never was a lovelier day. The sun is shining and the air is balmy. It seems more like a day in spring than in the fall. The proud old rooster is making himself heard in as good English as if he was not an inhabitant of Turkey. The flies are buzzing around, much to the annoyance of the housekeepers. The ravens overhead are as happy singing their "caw, caw, caw," as if there were no battles raging so short a distance from here. Let us walk down the street in which the Armenians live. The first thing after venturing out, we meet a great company of fierce-looking Circassians, mounted on beautiful, prancing horses. Soon they are out of sight, and a company of soldiers is seen approaching. The ladies, if foreigners, draw their veils over their faces, while the native women bring their *ahrams*

(large white sheets) over their already concealed faces, as a sort of safeguard from the insulting looks and words of these lawless men. We have but just drawn a sigh of relief as these have passed, when we are obliged to stand some minutes and wait until the apparently never-ending caravan of camels and horses has passed. They plod along as stately and as little disturbed as if there were no one waiting their movements.

The mud is almost ankle deep, but we manage by picking our way, first on one side of the street, and then on the other, to pass the great number of dogs collected where the butchering of animals is going on. Ah! here we are at the house of one of our Protestants. After pounding away at the great iron knocker, we are finally admitted into a dark passage, where we are obliged to move cautiously, as we find ourselves stumbling over the chickens and cows, which always occupy the front room.

After hearing as well as reading the story of want and poverty, we take our departure, but only to enter another house, where we find a poor woman sick, and oh! so sad, because of the recent death of three children. No bread, no flour, nothing to eat of any description was there in the house to give the children who daily cry from hunger. She had hardly sufficient clothing to cover the nakedness of her five remaining children, much less to protect them from the now chilly winds. I am sure your heart would yearn to give them relief, if you could but see them. It causes the tears to start when these sad, sad stories of want are brought before my eyes, and poured into my ears. This is but a glance at the havoc and destitution, the misery and want which this cruel war has brought upon this land. Hundreds and thousands of families there are who are now crying, "Give us bread, or we must die!"

October 31.

Since commencing this letter, time on noiseless wing has passed, and with it great changes have taken place here. The two armies, satisfied with their work at Kars, have been steadily moving on, and now they are only some four or five miles distant from here, and about a mile and a half or two miles distant from each other. After so long a time and so much bloodshed, they have at last pitched their tents very near this long-deserted city, the Russian army far outnumbering that of the Turks, and both daily expecting reinforcements. While the armies are slowly and surely making all preparations necessary for the attack (which it is expected must come in three or four days), great changes are taking place within the walls of the city. Arabs, Circassians, Turks, Armenians, Persians, etc., in every manner and style of dress, are pouring

in from the surrounding villages. In such swarms they come, with horses, sheep, and cattle, the streets appear like a mere mass of living creatures borne along by an unseen current.

Of these, many are deserters, passing through the city; many are families, fleeing from before the armies, if possible to escape the cruelties sure to follow in its train. Thus the city is filled to overflowing with those who have no homes, nothing with which to provide the necessities of life. Many are the men who come knocking at the doors—not the strong, fierce-looking man, who, six months ago, went from here to fight for his country, and ready to strike you down if his request was not granted—but with tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks, and shivering with cold, he asks for only a little bread to stay his hunger, and some old clothes to protect him from the chilling winds of October.

Fleeing from the army came a poor old white-haired man, tottering along. Being met by a small company of men, he was accused of running away, and threatened with punishment. He replied, "To show you that I am *not* running away, if you will only give me a little bread, and something to keep me warm, I am ready to return. As I am an old man, if I go home I must surely die. I may just as well die a witness for my religion, as to die at home." So the poor old man went back to the battle-field.

Some two days ago the government ordered that all goods should be removed from the shops in the market, and carried to the houses of the owners, thus removing, as far as possible, the temptation for plunder. Nothing is now bought or sold, except secretly. Yesterday there was no bread for sale to be found anywhere.

Some three or four times in the street, within the past three or four days, attempts to murder have occurred. Only very few women are now to be seen outside their homes, and that only when absolutely necessary. Doors and windows are being made secure. Thus you see we are really shut up in our houses. Already we missionaries have been told that as we appear to be free from fear, and as some of the Protestant women have even now almost lost control of themselves, they shall seek refuge with us when the trying time comes. If we appear calm, it is only because we trust in God. O! that we may continue steadfast to the end.

Of course our real active missionary work has come to a standstill, but we hope our influence will not be lost on the little band of Protestants who now seem to look to us for protection.

It is almost time for the letters to be sent away, and as I want to write one more, and am afraid we shall be shut in,—how long we do not know,—this must be brought to a close. If you do not hear from us for some time, you will know the reason.

CENTRAL TURKEY.

LETTER FROM MRS. COFFING.

KERHAN, *October 13, 1877.*

It does seem to me that I ought to be in the city, putting the house in order, and making other preparations for the opening of our ten schools, on Monday, October 22; but our Heavenly Father does not think so; for, although we have been anxiously awaiting rain for weeks, not a drop does He send to change and purify the air.

The Theological School opened October 3, and Mr. Montgomery, expecting rain every day, went with his family to the city the week before, and Mr. Bickford the same week; but they very much regret having done so, and advise our remaining here till there is not only a prospect of rain, but until rain actually comes. We are more content to stay, since we learn that small pox is prevailing in the city.

October 20, 1877.

Mr. Bickford died yesterday morning. Word was sent us that he had gone, and that we were not to come down; and we have yet seen no one to tell us any particulars of his death. This is a mysterious stroke from our Father.

Mr. Bickford has been in this country just three years. He had acquired a good knowledge of the language, and had just commenced giving lessons in the Theological Seminary, the work for which he came out, and to which he had looked forward with great pleasure. His entrance upon it had been delayed a whole year by Mr. Montgomery's absence in America. He had given lessons but three days when he was taken sick. He leaves a wife and two little boys, one of them five years old and the other nine months.

 CHINA.

[Through the kindness of Miss Porter, we are permitted to give the following extracts from a recent letter from her brother, Dr. Porter, of the North China Mission.]

“THE third day from Kalgan we arrived at the little village of Ching Ko Ta, the home of the Kalgan helper, Chioe. The man has an interesting history. He had been for many years a Buddhist priest, of a peculiar sect. A year or so before the Gulicks came to Kalgan, he had ‘exchanged his vow,’ as they say; that is,

renounced his calling, and engaged in seular employments. At Kalgan, he heard and believed, and has been a worthy preacher for ten years or more. He is uncle of the first convert, and is known as 'The Uncle.' Last winter, at the new year, he took him a wife, after the manner of Péré Hyaeinth. Hitherto, because he was a Christian, he could not get one. I heard some one ask another about her, and how much he paid for her. She was a widow, of a few months' standing, bright and buxom, and twenty-two years old, with a little girl a year old. He was fifty-two or so. We went to this village to see a sister of Chioe's, and the wife of Mr. Williams' teacher. The teacher has professed a desire to be baptized, and has been examined. He was asked how about the worship of ancestors. He was afraid on that point, and waited until he might get a letter from his older brother. The brother at last said he might do as he pleased. We were not a little amused by this, since he is a master of arts. One of his sons is a graduate, and another he is pushing on to stand an examination. After we had rested and eaten at the little inn, we went to Chioe's sister's house. We found a very clean, nice room waiting for us. Soon the women crowded in to see Mrs. Sprague. One of the unpleasant things about traveling in summer, especially for a lady, is the Eden-like costume which the children adopt. The men appear as Henry IV. did before Gregory VII., 'stripped to the waist,' and most of the women in almost the same costume. Towards evening, I vaccinated a few children, one of them a child of the teacher of whom I spoke. His wife came in and sat a long time. She seemed to be a nice woman. Three of her daughters came shyly peeking around the windows, to get a sight of Mrs. Sprague. Later, I found that teacher, Chioe's young wife, and an older sister of his were wanting to be baptized. We had a little evening service in a room crowded with quiet listeners, and then I examined the two women. The younger knew but little, yet she seemed quick and glad to assent as far as she could understand. The older woman was especially pleasing in all her answers. She had learned from her brother. I asked her why she believed in Jesus, and thought he could save her. She said, most naturally, because her brother told her so! And when I tried to get back of that, she thought he believed because we had told him. And so she was led along to see that we believe in Christ because of what he said of himself, and what he did. After a very pleasant evening spent thus, I appointed a service next morning early, and we went to our inn. What a hot night it was, or would have been, had we staid indoors! Mr. Sprague and his wife climbed up on the roof of the horse-shed, and kept cool under the stars, while I made a cot of the doors of the

inn, and slept nicely in the clear night air. One of the disadvantages of sleeping on house-tops is the marked need of getting up as soon as it is light. It was specially so here; for one of the small roads happened to run along on a level with the barn. A long line of grass-cutters began travelling that way about daylight. We had our breakfast in the midst of an admiring crowd, to whom our array of knives, forks and spoons was an unwonted sight. Then, about 7.00 A. M., we went again to Chioe's. We had a quiet morning service; the two women were baptized, and admitted to the company of believers, and the little girl was also baptized. It is always a puzzle to a Chinese woman to be asked, after one has repeated the formula of the creed, if she believes so and so. Of course she does! Is not that the reason she is now to be baptized? At each repetition of the question she wonders anew.

"Another sister of Chioe's is a true believer, but her sons hinder her from entering the church. A third sister is Mother Tsai, at Yü Cho, and a fourth died last year in hope of the life to come. A whole family saved to be with Christ. This is dear Mrs. Guliek's service and reward!

"After this pleasant morning service, we started once more on our way. We went down toward the San Kang River, in a fine valley, full of sweet-smelling hemp. It was about three o'clock when we came to the home of our dear helper, Feng Cho. He has succeeded in getting a place of four rooms. He lives there with his old mother. His own room he has fitted up neatly; nice pictures from *Harper's*, or the *Christian Weekly*, adorn the wall, and photographs of some of the missionaries add to the variety. A little book-case, with his Bibles and commentaries, and other Christian books, give a neat aspect to his room. Leaf tracts, with commandments and texts, attract the eye of any who can read."

J A P A N .

LETTER FROM MISS DUDLEY.

KOBE, October 8, 1877.

"WE have just welcomed Miss Wilson and Miss Parmelee. We have waited long for the ladies, and have enjoyed their two days' visit with us very much. We are all in running order again after the long vacation. The school is full as it can be, and several applicants must wait till the new building is complete which is now going up. It stands at the right of the present building, on the terrace below. The Japanese have given over seven hundred

dollars for this, and the foreign residents nearly two hundred, I think. It will contain a large school room, two good-sized recitation rooms, and rooms for ten girls up stairs. It is to be ready for use at the beginning of the second term, in January. We shall then be able to accommodate about forty girls, and we hope soon to have that number.

"I am not now teaching at all, but devoting my time to other work. I am happy in being able to go once more to Hiogo. I find some new faces among those attending our services, and some new Christians. I am sure there are signs for good there. Old prejudices are giving way, and more of kindly feeling is manifest. I must tell you of one pleasant surprise. Three years ago I went to call on a woman who was a hair-dresser in Kobe, and tried to persuade her to go to church. She did go several times; then she moved, and I lost sight of her. I thought of her a few days ago, and said to myself, 'Well, there was so much labor lost. She has gone, and probably has forgotten all she ever heard.'

"A few evenings after I met a woman at church in Hiogo who seemed glad to see me, and invited me to call on her. I went, and soon recognized the lost woman. She had been away, 'but,' she said, 'I never forgot what I heard, and I longed to hear more.' She married a police official, and moved to Hiogo this summer, and found our chapel close by. She seems in earnest. I think she is a Christian. Her husband knows nothing of Christianity, but I left a tract and a Gospel of Matthew, which he is reading, I hear. She always comes to our evening service, and seems so grateful. Last evening, at communion, she said, 'When can I join with you?'

"So much for one weak effort. Such a rebuke to my faith!"

FROM PAU-TING-FU, DR. PORTER WRITES: "I am full of confidence and gladness in the prospect before Mr. Pierson and the new missionaries, in the work here. I have been several times to see a poor woman with a felon on her thumb. She suffered twenty days before she sent for me. The hand was sadly swollen, and she had not slept for days. She is much better now, and without much pain; but a great piece from the back of her hand has sloughed off. Last Sunday I went alone, and had an audience of four women. After the medicine was given, I sat and talked for half an hour without any disturbance from noisy children. The women asked many questions. They said the 'True God,' without having heard the words from me. They wondered how women could learn this new doctrine, since they cannot read; and I was glad to tell them that some ladies were coming on purpose to help them."

Home Department.

ANNUAL REPORT OF IOWA STATE BRANCH.

PRESENTED AT ANNUAL MEETING OF THE W. B. M. I., AT DAVENPORT, IOWA, NOVEMBER 8, 1877.

If success were measured by numbers, we can come before you in no spirit of confident boasting.

The Congregational Churches of Iowa number over	-	200
The number of adult women in them is over	- - -	7,000
The number of Auxiliary Societies	- - - -	65
The number of Auxiliary Societies organized in 1877		12
The number of Children's Societies	- - - - -	20
Copies of "LIFE AND LIGHT" taken, about	- -	400
Amount of contributions to W. B. M. I.	- - -	\$2,543.50
Gain over last year	- - - - -	\$435.35

Fully to appreciate these statistics, it should be remembered that Iowa is emerging from a period of financial depression,—of doubt as to which of the three great societies should receive our gifts, and in what proportion,—of skepticism concerning the propriety of our present activity and its final beneficial results.

Bountiful harvests are terminating the first, though its chilling influences still linger around the poor and Home Missionary churches; the second ends at the words, too often forgotten, "These ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone." Of the third, what shall we say? The cry from many Macedonias, the quick response from American women, the rapid multiplication of schools and churches among the heathen, suggest that this new channel for our activities is of divine origin. Blind must we be, if, with the open Book and these records of recent history in our hands, we do not read our heavenly commission; deaf, indeed, if the clear exposition of truth and duty by the world's best thinkers, the trumpet tones of councils and missionary meetings, do not arouse us to labor and grow in all true benevolence.

So have we of Iowa terminated our doubts, and taken up our work with fresh zeal. As we call, one to another, "Watchman, what of the night?" we hear, as of old, the hopeful response, "The morning cometh!" White-winged messengers from those whom we have never seen, bring us joy with their very superscription,

for we have learned the expression of those true, strong, wise Christian workers, and that the outgrowth of their labor will be—is—glorious. Would you hear them, for your encouragement? From the Northwest one writes: "Then came the long weeks of suspense and questioning, *will* the grasshoppers come or not? You know when a region is threatened with ruin, it is a difficult thing to turn the minds of people away from self. Now the prospect is that we shall have a flourishing society. I shall visit the other churches in person, and give a certain minister a few friendly thrusts to hurry the organization in his large congregation." Then follow the details of her plan of operations, that speak of strength and knowledge, of deep thought and zeal that would gladden you all; and there are scores of such workers among us.

From the heart of a farming region one writes: "I am a poor, feeble, lame old woman, past sixty, but with God's help we won't give up." And the Society, organized this year, goes right on. One little mother, a half invalid, sallied out over her village as soon as Mrs. Bradley's card came, gathered the mites, and sent them on. Another, in life's wane, writes: "I will go up-town, and talk and use my strength in the missionary cause; will, if possible, raise fifty dollars. I think we must adopt Muller's plan." Still another: "I will pray with all my strength for a fresh baptism of the Spirit, and a greater interest in the missionary cause."

An Iowa pioneer says: "If it will do any good, you may tell of one minister's wife, who gave five dollars; and oh! how gladly!" Nor can we forget that one good deacon, on hearing our needs, visited voluntarily every family in the church, collecting to supply them.

Time forbids further examples of the missionary spirit, but the words appended to the names of the societies in the reports, "doing well," "interest increasing," "wide awake," tell volumes.

The ministers have encouraged our missionary meetings at their semi-annual gatherings, and they have been conducted with spirit and profit. The officers of the General Association invited us to present our cause before them at Des Moines, which invitation we gratefully accepted. A place in the programme for next year is left us, if we choose to fill it.

Some of our Associations have assumed the support of a missionary, some churches that of another, while our State sends seven of her best-beloved daughters to this work. For one the boat has waited on the dark river's brink; she has entered with rejoicing, and crossed to the glories she saw on the other shore. Who will now wrap her mantle around her, and go on to the Dakotas?

PLEASANT tidings come to us from the work in North China. Miss Chapin, with fully restored health, is in her place in the Bridgman School, where she still has the assistance of Miss Diamant. A number of the school girls are to be received to the church soon, and others seem in a hopeful frame of mind.

A SMALL day-school has been opened at Tungcho, under the supervision of the young ladies, with one of the former Peking pupils as teacher; and we look with special interest upon this new form of work in that station.

EACH letter comes with its sad apprehension of suffering from famine during the coming months. The region chiefly affected will be north and west of the Province of Shantung, where so many thousands perished last year. The Chinese Government has appropriated five hundred thousand dollars (\$500,000) for the relief of the poor people, but no aid which can be given will prevent terrible distress. The missionaries need especial grace and wisdom to meet the condition of things which such a visitation brings about, and ask the sympathy and prayers of those who at home are holding up their hands.

IN many of the country villages where there are a few converts, the women are getting a little interest in the truth, and ask: "Who can teach us?" and send earnest messages to the ladies of the Mission, begging them to visit them. But the work in each station is engrossing, and the obstacles in the way of such visits to the country seem almost insuperable.

THE women are more bigoted than the men, because they are more ignorant.

Miss Payson writes from Foochow: "My time has been more than usually occupied during the past year in receiving calls from native women and children. They often come at the most inopportune hours, just when I am engaged in some occupation which I cannot set aside; but I have not the heart to send them away, lest this opportunity of hearing of Christ and his love may be the last and only one they have. I have received more than five hundred of these callers during the last year, but I do not think that the time I have devoted to them has been at all wasted. Nearly every woman who has called, has heard, I think, something that she could carry away with her concerning the way of salvation; and these few seeds of truth thus sown, in time, produce a plentiful harvest. In

talks with these ignorant women, I never travel back to Adam and the creation, but begin at once with the name of Jesus. I rarely talk many minutes before my listeners interrupt me with the words, 'He must have been, truly, very good.' They listen interestedly very often, but I always think they are saying to themselves, 'Truly, he was a very good being, but what is that to us? He is the foreigners' God. We have our idols. Our fathers and grandfathers worshipped idols, and what did for them will do for us.' "

RECEIPTS OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE INTERIOR.

FROM NOV. 15, 1877, TO DEC. 15, 1877.

MRS. FRANCIS BRADLEY, TREASURER.

OHIO BRANCH.

Mrs. M. B. Monroe, Akron, Treas.	
Four Corners.—Aux.,	\$11 58
Hudson.—Aux., for Bible-reader in Madura Mission,	5 38
Ironton.—Aux.,	6 60
Oberlin.—Aux.,	50 00
Total,	\$73 56

INDIANA.

Orland.—Aux.,	\$25 00
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MICHIGAN.

Noble.—Mrs. Mary B. Bogardus,	\$ 5 00
Wacousta.—Aux.,	10 00
West Leroy.—Aux.,	10 60
Total,	\$25 60

ILLINOIS.

Chicago.—Plymouth Church, "Workers for Jesus," \$6; 47th St. Ch., Aux., \$13.75; a Friend, \$3,	\$22 75
Glencoe.—Aux.,	3 00
Tonica.—Ladies of Cong. Ch.,	7 00
Total,	\$32 75

WISCONSIN.

Gay's Mills.—Sunday School,	\$ 3 50
Geneva.—Y'ng People's Miss'y Assoc. of Pres. Ch., for Bridgman School,	20 00
Milton.—Aux.,	10 00
Milwaukee.—Spring St. Ch., Aux., for salary of assistant teacher at Manissa,	24 00
Total,	\$57 50

IOWA.

Glenwood.—Cong. Sun. Sch.,	\$ 2 75
McGregor.—Aux.,	1 00
Muscatine.—Aux., for Miss Day, and to const. Mrs. C. Weed and Mrs. J. F. Swan, L.M.s,	50 00
Toledo.—Aux., for girls' school at Hadjin, Turkey,	7 31
Total,	\$61 06

MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis.—1st Cong. Ch., Aux., for salary of Miss Barrows,	\$25 00
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MISSOURI BRANCH.

Mrs. J. H. Drew, St. Louis, Treas. Stewartville,	\$ 3 00
St. Louis.—Ready Hands, for Armenia Coll., \$10.00; Miss Hadie Post, \$1.00,	11 00
Total,	\$14 00

KANSAS.

Valley Falls,	\$ 34
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DAKOTA.

Yankton.—Aux., wh. const. Mrs. F. J. DeWitt, L.M.,	\$34 70
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MISCELLANEOUS.

London, Canada.—Aux., Envelopes and Pamphlets,	\$25 00
	8 72
Total,	\$33 72
Total,	\$383 23

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